





"Sing unto God."

No. 2.

LENT TERM, 1918.



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The Academite.

An organ of the greater student body of the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Being a medium for the dissemination of a mutual interest among Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

No. 2. NINEPENCE.

Lent Term, 1918.

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E. E. Colpins

EDITORIAL.

STUDENTS AND STUDENT CRITICISMS.

HEN quite a lad we remember having read in a musical magazine what was supposed to be a definition of a musician, or a description of the traits of true musicians. If we may rely upon our memory, among the qualities attributed to a musician was that he was a slightly sensitive being who always endeavoured to be critical, yet sincere and generous in the expression of his convictions. It is really remarkable that, at a time when we had no serious chought of choosing music as our vocation, such a comparatively insignificant part of the journal in question should have so indelibly impressed us. It is still further remarkable that after the lapse of almost a decade we should strive to adapt these attributes to musicians and students of music with whom we come in contact, and see how much they, or the definition, come short of the actual truth.

Our subject confines us to students as a whole, and their criticisms rather than to the musical cosmopolite, the disciples of music at large, who may or may not be termed musicians in our rather elevated sense. One method of procedure in discussing this matter (and a fairly safe one for ourselves), would be to undergo a self-examination first, see how short of the qualifications stated above we are, then judge other students by ourselves; in which case we would assume that we are the average student. Our honesty and modesty refuse to allow us to take this course because we remember, immediately after reading the above-mentioned trade marks of a true musician, that we, despite the fact that each quality was readily recognized as a part of our being, resolved to emulate further, to an almost exaggerated degree such virtues. We are therefore safe and are in a position to write, not from the stand point of a student, but from

that of a true musician. Student-critics with whom we shall deal are of three classes; the faultfinding, the easily satiated, and the indifferent. Or in analogous terms the pessimist, the extreme optimist, and the passive. The first class which is constituted, broadly speaking, mainly of composers and orchestral players (violinists excepted) may be described as those who whenever listening to an original composition look not with anticipation for the beauty spots, as it were, of the piece, but who are for ever on the look out for something that even the composer himself could not call beautiful, but which he uses to express or emphasise some particular motive or point. To make this clearer, we may say that, upon listening to any composition, the critic of this class does not put the good in one scale and the bad in another and see which over-balances. He, upon recognising the bad, refuses afterwards to acknowledge the presence of the good; and if in the course of the composition the composer uses a theme, harmonic progression, or a sequence that sounds familiar-"but I really can't think for the moment just where I have heard that phrase "-this would further add to his condemnation.

The critics of the second classification are constituted mainly of composers and instrumentalists in general. These, as would no doubt be very readily surmised, are just the other extreme of those belonging to class one. Anything with sweetened harmonies, especially if a progression of fourths or fifths is emphasised (whether it suits the occasion or not), is called, "glorious, charming sublime!" Balance of structure, proportion, modulation, symmetry of style, working out of thematic phrases, final judgment in giving an opinion relative to the actual worth of a work by these students.

Now the passive critic. Perhaps there are some who would say "how can there be such a thing as a passive or indifferent critic?" To those we will reply by informing them that everybody is a critic, whether he would be one or not. One criticises unconsciously; it is a factor over which we have no control. We can, however, keep from expressing our criticisms (which, by the way, is very fortunate).

This class is mainly constituted, broadly speaking, of vocalists, pianists and violinists. We may say nearly all soloists. The main point about these is that they very rarely judge a work by its actual worth in accordance with the canons of composition. What concerns them most is whether the piece is "vocal," "pianistic," "violinistic," etc., or whether it has a top note within (sometimes without) their compass, and if there happens to be one you are advised to place a pause thereon, as "it would be much more effective in the rendering, of course." It never occurs to them that the indefinite holding on to that note may interfere with the rhythmical balance of the piece as a whole. Will it ever? (an interrogatory, en passant, for posterity).

Now that the three classes are briefly outlined, it really remains for us to summarise in a philosophic vein. As so much space has been taken up in the outline we fear that we can hardly cover the ground argumentatively and fully in the remaining space allocated to us. All we can do therefore is to exhort, briefly but poignantly, those who are prone to be pessimists to appreciate the real value of the fish, and only consider the bones as a necessary part of its anatomy. To this end, we would suggest that you go to a concert with the intention uppermost in your mind of enjoying it, do not be distrustful of yourself if you feel that you like a piece yet can give no real reason (i.e., analytically) why you do like it, and don't think that, on account of your pessimism, your opinion will be valued more. It is an illusion.

To those who are extreme optimists and are easily satisfied by mere pretty chordal progression; we exhort you to appreciate to the full the meat, but do not disregard altogether the bone, rather question its presence and be inquisitive enough to seek its bearing in relation to the body as a whole.

as a whole.

To the last, but by no means least, (in number anyway), the passive and indifferent student who cares only whether a work is suited to his particular instrument or voice, we entreat you to develop a more intelligent musical outlook by subordinating the mere technical aspect to the more important musical demands and workings of a composition.

To the mind of not a few who read this article will occur no doubt, the well known verse:

There is so much bad in the best of us, And so much good in the worst of us, etc., etc.

nevertheless we think that if the above hints are taken to heart, it will not be long before we shall all be able to call ourselves true musicians in accordance with the definition as stated at the beginning; slightly sensitive beings, who always endeavour to be critical, yet sincere and generous in the expression of our convictions.

A Brief Synopsis

OF

THE CROSS-ROADS OF CAROLINE.

With some hints on appropriate "incidental numbers" for a small band.

The author emphatically denies the rumour that this drama has been

BANNED!

Act I.—The curtain rises on a charming woodland scene lit up by a full harvest moon. A little to left of stage are seen the lovers, struggling with emotion. (Excuse brevity of introduction.) "Caroline, to-night we must part!" cries Daniel Durlington, wrenching himself from the twining arms and covering his face with his hands. (Daniel is dark and the handsome, with a heavy black moustache, silk hat, frock coat, patent shoes, atc.)

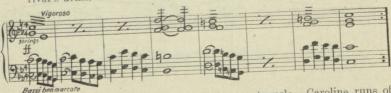
1.—The key of F major being a sad one is always useful for partings and slow ³/₄ is very touching. (Common time is too cheerful.) About eight bars of something pathetic are wanted after this style (No. I.),



and should be repeated very quietly and slowly while Caroline wrings her hands and sobs. "Oh, Daniel, do not leave me. I swear I love you" (looking at a man in the stalls) "as man was never loved. Do not leave me like this."

2.—Stop on "this." Daniel rushes forward and clasping her to him, says in a husky whisper, "Carrie, fly with me this night! You shall have diamonds and a carriage, and you shall reign a queen among women.

Come!"
3.—C minor is a deep key, most appropriate for emotional scenes. A good deal of tremolo on the violins and octaves on 'cellos and basses is best. Just as Caroline is deciding to throw in her life with Durlington, her former lover, William Fortesque, strolls on, and seeing Carrie in his rival's arms, makes a rush for Durlington.



4.—Work up to a climax as the two men struggle. Caroline runs off stage and the toot-toot of a motor-horn is heard. Durlington escapes and rushes off, and the music must be double forte for curtain while Fortesque stands gnashing his teeth.

End of Act I.

Act II.—Two years later. Scene, a dingy room with window on left, door on right, mantelpiece with large clock on it, table with lamp burning, chairs and sofa. On the latter lies Caroline, sobbing. As the curtain rises, she crosses to the footlight and begins (in the manner of all such heroines) to talk confidentially to the audience. "Not in yet" ("Yet" is accompanied by twelve chimes from the clock) "and I love him so. He seemed so good and true. Oh, why was I called upon to endure this awful misery?" etc.

5.—A few bars of something sad in D major will be necessary here, and must be played very quetly, or it will not be possible to hear a child crying off the stage. Stop when Caroline cries "Hark! my child calls," and quickly goes off. Daniel enters like a hunted animal; his possible is heavier than ever and he is bleated and unknown. "Where moustache is heavier than ever and he is bloated and unkempt. "Where are you?" he shouts. (at the audience).

6.—E minor will intensify this scene, and again tremolo on strings is very appropriate. The music should be very quick and loud and written fairly low to be sufficiently "heavy." Caroline enters with the child in her arms (a small child which never moves), and Daniel, rushing at her, roughly shakes her, demanding "Give me those papers." "Never!" cries she, and turns to fly, but Durlington clutches her by the shoulder and strikes her, and she and the baby fall to the ground with a crash.
7.—The music must be going like mad now. The villain rips open the

poor woman's bodice, drags out a bundle of papers, and makes for the door. "Too late! Ah, curse it, too late!" he cries, and makes for the window. A scuffle is heard outside and in rush several policemen. The music must reach a perfect frenzy as Daniel seizes his revolver and shoots

8.—Tonic chord (tremolo) for curtain.

Act III.—Scene, a country house on left of stage with part garden and a little gate, and Carrie and William appear coming towards the gate

9.—Some sweet music is now wanted. Bb major seems to me a very 9.—Some sweet music is now wanted. Bb major seems to me a very sweet key, and a plaintive melody, played with great feeling, will accompany Carrie's words beautifully. "The old home," she sobs. "Oh, will my dear parents ever forgive me? Ah Will, dear, how noble it was of you to try for those two years to find me, after I had treated you so! And to think you just arrived in time! My poor child, my poor little Freddie—dead! Oh, shall I ever forget that terrible night?"

10.—Play very softly and sweetly while William says, "Come, Caroline, let us forget the terrible poet and be happy once again like we were

let us forget the terrible past and be happy once again like we were before that villain stole you from me. Come, darling, I hear your mother's

11.—A gradual crescendo must accompany the entrance of Carrie's mother and father, and a happy ending in Eb major (something 'grandioso") as all the villagers crowd around welcoming Carrie home again. No. 3.



12.—Double forte tonic chord (tremolo et pausa) for curtain.

End of Act III.

IVY HERBERT.

The Origin and Progress of the R.A.M.

PART 1.

T is surprising how few students know anything of the history of the R.A.M. They accept its existence as a matter of course, and not in the least realise that the prosperity of the Academy is of recent date, and that it has had the most troubled career of any institution of its kind. Thus a reference to its origin and progress is singularly appropriate, especially at a time when so many movements are on foot in the R.A.M. to impress the students with the importance of taking an interest in their Alma Mater.

Prior to the establishment of the Royal Academy of Music there was no institution in England where music was regularly taught. There were, of course, choir schools attached to the cathedrals, but the instruction in these was confined to the one branch of music, and could not have had

any general effect on the musical character of the nation.

There did exist in 1720 an establishment known as the Royal Academy of Music; this, however, did not profess instruction, but was merely an institution founded by the nobility and gentry for the purpose of introducing Italian opera into the country. After seven years this society—as it really was—failed owing to lack of funds; but its work was not in vain, for in that time it had interested the British nation in the Italian school, then the best in the world.

It is to Dr. Burney, eminent scholar and musician, and father of the famous Madame D'Arblay, that the credit of attempting a really educational establishment belongs. Dr. Burney felt the need for a British School of Music, and was bitterly opposed to the prevailing custom of importing all music and artists from abroad at great expense, when British talent might be cultivated, British money concentrated, and

British honour upheld.

Dr. Burney put forward his scheme in 1774; it was a remarkable one. He proposed establishing a National School of Music in connection with the Foundling Hospital in London, and his suggestion was that those children having "musical ears or tuneful voices" should be trained as instrumental or vocal performers. This project met with great opposition; the main objections to it were that music was a luxury and was opposed to morality (sic), whereas it was intended by the Hospital that these little outcasts should be trained to be plain but essential members of the general community.

Dr. Burney gave up the attempt without further struggle, but not without protesting against the spirit which found it impious to train young, talented people of the British nation in an art which was being ardently followed by the highest classes, who embellished it with riches, and made

it a fashion and a pleasure.

Half a century elapsed before another attempt was made to establish a National School of Music. The political events of the period—the War of American Independence, the French Revolution, and the Peninsular Campaign—naturally occupied the public mind to the exclusion of the cultivation of fine arts. With the establishment of peace, however, the nation realised its neglect of music, and several schemes for its regeneration were proposed. This time it was the members of the musical profession themselves who were bitterly opposed to any project for the discontinuous contents. fession themselves who were bitterly opposed to any project for the dissemination of the art; they argued that the profession was overcrowded and very poorly paid, therefore what good could come if it were thus inundated? Also they objected to the idea of an institution managed exclusively. sively by a committee of amateur patrons.

One noteworthy scheme was put forward which took into account all the objections of the musicians. This was for an Academy of Music to be established in connection with the Philharmonic Society, and on the

same lines as the Royal Academy of Painting, with a very limited number of members. It was proposed that the pupils should be received in a "commodious house" four days a week, from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. The pupils, who would not be received in the take engagements, to pay the Academy half of what they received.

This project failed, chiefly on account of its limited nature, but also

because at that time public interest and support were being directed towards the establishment of another institution. This was the Royal

VERA MARTIN.

(To be continued.)

Kasabianca, or a Kautionary Key Tale.

Being the Lamentable Tale of a Key-Snatcher. (With apologies to Mrs. Hemans.)

The boy stood in the Central Hall, Whence all but he had fled; The thoughts that passed within his mind Were better left unsaid.

He was not short; he was not tall, His face—well, let that be. Suffice, he stood within the Hall, Stood waiting for a Key.

He called aloud: "Say, Hallet, say,
Why dost thou preference show
To all these maidens fair?"—But may Be Hallet did not know.

"A Key! a Key!" once more he cried, His voice was filled with ire, When down the stairway he espied A maid in neat attire.

"Oh, miss," he cried, with hastening step, "You have been practising?"
She answered with a simple "Yep," Which might mean anything.

With flatteries and smiling face He tried that Key to seize. The maiden, with her youthful grace, Did then resolve to tease.

"I really wanted it," she said (Note now the wicked look); He saw not as he upward sped She'd in her hand a book.

"Doh, me soh," he sang in joy, The Key turned in the lock. Alack! the poor, misguided boy, He had an n'awful shock. . . .

Ah, come away! Creep down the stair! His speech is not for thee. The Key that's caused such anguish there Is labelled—LIBRARY

NELLIE REDGRAVE.



NOTES.

Junior pupils will be proud of a fellow-student, Miss Estelle Dudley, who has been a most successful "Alice" this season in the Savoy pantomime.

About 150 Oversea soldiers were entertained on Dec. 3rd last, by the Committee of Management. The concert, which was of a somewhat lighter character than those usually heard in the Duke's Hall, was much appreciated by the men. A pleasant feature was the informality of it all. The Principal himself announced each item, and put the visitors at their ease in a very short time. A number of interested students viewed the proceedings from the balcony.

The Michaelmas Tea was a great success, and credit is due to the organisers, especially Miss Florita Richards, who worked very hard on its behalf. An amusing topical poem, written by Miss Cynthia Cox, was read by Miss Eleanor Street. Prize crackers proved exciting, and altogether it was a jolly afternoon. An autographed copy of "The Academite," sold by auction, brought in ten guineas for the Students' Aid Fund. Miss Florence M. Boyce was the successful bidder. She was assisted by the Misses Rene Blackie, Gladys Chester, Vera Martin, Violet Drummond, Mona Watson, and one or two others whose names I have been unable to obtain. About 25 students went on afterwards to the Adelphi Theatre. No small commotion was caused in the queue by certain of our 'cellists essaying to whistle the Boellman Variations (with full accompaniment). Their musicianly pride was considerably hurt when, inside the theatre, a lady remarked, audibly, "They must be the staff of some firm."

Almost all the musical programme of "Branch A's" Social Meeting, held on Dec. 13th, had to be changed at the last moment. Owing to the illness of one of its members, the English Trio could not appear, but Miss Fanny Davies added several welcome solos to those already on the programme above her name. Miss Abraham played admirably at very short notice. Mr. Driver was replaced by two of his pupils from the Normal College for the Blind, Messrs. Logan and Newell. Their performance was a revelation of what can be accomplished even under the most adverse conditions. It is interesting to note that both these gentlemen obtained their L.R.A.M., Class A, for harmony and composition, at the Michaelmas exams.

After the last Queen's Hall Concert Mr. F. Corder and Mr. Farjeon were invited out to tea at the Blenheim Café by a number of their pupils. A long table was presided over by each guest of honour, and some competition was noticed as to which party could carry on the liveliest conversation and anecdotage. To the despair of one group, poetry began to float across from the rival party. However, it was discovered that this was

not impromptu, as had at first been supposed, so hot buns were resumed with easier minds. Mr. Corder, answering to a general request for a speech, spoke of the nice feeling of sociability pervading the Academy at present. In spite of these dark days, he could not remember a time when the R.A.M. had been brighter or more cheerful. He thought this a splendid thing. He had been connected with the first journal published by Academy students, and, while it lasted, they had had a very happy time. He hoped that our duties would be as pleasant, and that nothing would happen for a long time to take any one of us away from the Academy.

Mr. Farjeon regretted that he had not been so fortunate as Mr. Corder or the students present. He had come to the R.A.M. at an "off time," when there was neither paper nor Debating Society. He wished the GLADYS CHESTER.

Our Students in Arms.

The following is for the readers of this magazine who are interested in our past fellow students, now serving with His Majesty's Forces. The information below is such as can be gathered from them when they pay welcome visits to the R.A.M., and in the case of those overseas, from the letters they write to their former colleagues. We are naturally interested in all such news, and are confident that all fellow students share our feelings; but owing to the pressure of time and space (besides the fact that our information concerning a good few is very limited) this must necessarily be a brief summary. The first is Lieut. Sower butt. The following is from the Musical Times, dated December 1st, 1917:—

Lieut. J. A. Sowerbutts, London Rifle Brigade, has been awarded

Lieut. J. A. Sowerbutts, London Rifle Brigade, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in a recent fight near Ypres. Lieutenant Sowerbutts is A.R.A.M., F.R.C.O., was Stainer Exhibitioner in 1911, proxime accessit Mendelssohn Scholarship 1912, won the Oliveria Prescott Prize in 1912, and was appointed assistant music-master at Winchester College in 1914. He joined the Hampshire Regiment as a private and received his commission last year.

Roy Russell has also won the Military Cross, as we were informed per last issue.

Richard Tregoning (baritone, under Sir Henry Woood), has been home on leave from France, having been wounded

Horace Perry (sub-professor, organ), now in the R.F., home on leave from France, has seen severe fighting at Cambrai.

F. S. R. Pyle (organ student) paid a welcome visit last term.

Horatio Davies (also an organ student) has recently received his commission

Edgerton Tidmarsh (Bache-Liszt scholar) is now commissioned in the R.G.A., stationed at Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

Lieutenant Brian Nash (pianist), Intelligence Office to 51st Division, B.E.F., has been home on sick leave.

Leo Livens (Macfarren scholar), in the 16th R.S.R., has been wounded, and is in Mahomedjia Hospital, Egypt.

Emile Clark (pianist and violinist, Second Lieutenant in the Tanks. Rae Robertson (pianist), L.-Cpl., 1/19th County of London, twice wounded and still in Belgium.

Harry Alexander (orchestral scholar), bandsman in the 4th Leicesters, stationed at South Lincolnshire.

Second Lieutenant Cecil Busby (orchestral scholar), R.G., stationed at

Herman Lindars (Threlfall scholar), Air Mechanic in the R.F.C., stationed at Chelsea.

News from Canada tells us that Josef Shadwick (Canadian Exhibitioner, violin), now in the O.T.C., will pay us a visit before long.

The undersigned will be glad to hear of any news relative to past or present students serving with the colours. ETHEL BARTLETT.

Prayer to Apollo.

Give ear unto our protestations, we beseech thee!

Defend us from indifferent intonation and careless pedalling. Protect us from sleepy audiences and invisible salaries.

Preserve us from raving managers and sloping platforms.

Guard us against faulty strings and lame chairs. Preserve us from ragtime and cornets. Protect us and our instruments from stands in any

stage of collapse.

Save, we pray thee, all 'cellos from gate-posts and umbrellas; all violins from uncouth handling and unbecoming varnish. Save all harps from trucks, rain, and outside porters; all pianos from infant practice and adult ignorance., Preserve all self-respecting artistes from insipid questions and ignorant requests.

May plague and calamity descend upon all gramophones.

Defend us from badly-written manuscripts. Grant us entire freedom from slipping pegs and polished floors. Transport us many miles from any extravagant pitch. Close our ears to all piercing sopranos, droning altos, throaty tenors, and roaring basses. Remove from the earth all conceited amateurs and small choral societies. Banish from the world all banjos and mandolines.

Give ear to our supplications and deal leniently with us in all matters

pertaining to the gentle art, we beseech thee !- AMEN.

(Sung in perfect harmony by melodious sopranos, tuneful altos, welltrained tenors, and sonorous basses. Accompanied by

Gentle horns, Sweet violins,

Faultless violas, Liquid 'cellos, Smooth basses, Merry flutes, Graceful oboes, Whispering clarionets, Pleasant bassoons, Clear trumpets, Soft trombones, Well-tuned harps, Befitting tympani, Well-timed effects,

Conducted by an angel.)

HILDA CLARKE.

Another.

Far distant, far, where ocean rollers pour Their thundering might, with clouds of hissing spray, 'Gainst walls of boldest granite grim and gray, That check the fierce onslaught with sounding roar, Thee the West Wind doth woo to health once more, And, joying in the elements' angered fray, Thou waxest strong and stronger day by day And laugh'st at ills that therrified before. So I-encompassed by the rumbling sound Of the great city's restless human sea, By myriad footsteps hastn'ing on the round Of duty, or, alas! fatuity,-Have laid by former dulling cares and found Fresh hope, new life, in thy sweet memory. R. E. C.

Colonial's Appreciation.

Although I have studied music in one of Britain's fairest Colonies, where the people are musically above their opportunities, I am ashamed not know what music meant. We all studied hard and got wonderful results, but owing to a lack of proper musical atmosphere we had to work twice as hard to get these desired results.

Just imagine, if you can, a Colonial landed in London and listening to your symphony orchestras. It is quite true that we have our own orchestras, but these are, in the majority of cases, caricatures of the real thing, though I know of two that come up to European standard. I am thinking of the Sydney Philharmonic and the Auckland Bohemian Orchestras; but Sydney was 2,000 miles away, and Auckland 700 miles!

Perhaps I was more fortunate than other students out there in that I happened to finish my last year with a young and able man who had studied in Germany, and who also knew the disadvantages of the Colonies. Accordingly he coached me in the great works of music; consequently, whereas Wagner had been a closed book to me, from that time onward I received a better idea of the great in music, and my thoughts were directed musically in the right direction.

But all the studying in this way was most uninteresting and slow, the reason being, of course, that I did not hear one performance of the works I was studying, which, at that time, principally consisted of Wagner; therefore I did not get a complete idea of anything.

Then came the complete change. My father decided that I had learned (sic) all I could in the Colony, and that to "finish" I should be sent home. We did not realise that when I did get to London I would

In due course I arrived here on the soil of my ancestors, and, after a time, settled down to work. About the time of my arrival there were no concerts being given at all, and I was terribly disappointed. However, the season started eventually, and this is where I find it difficult to describe my feelings, for, of course, I went to everything at first, though later I became chiefly interested in opera and orchestral performances.

The perfection of your orchestras was a great revelation to me; the first orchestral concert I went to brought home to me forcibly the tremendous waste of time behind me. I felt that, musically, I was in my childhood. At the end of that season, after hearing almost everything, I was a different person.

And now, when I think of the Colonies*, I realise how much in the dark they are, and how hard they have to strive for the very little light that they do get! And I know the welcome they would give to any great musician who would visit them.

What great opportunities for teaching, conducting, and composing there are out there! There is an unexplored land (musically), which abounds in natural talent, waiting for the first gifted and talented musician and organiser who shall open up the path to greater knowledge, and so help those less fortunate than himself.

This is my appreciation—an appreciation of one who knows what it is to be without what he treasures most, next to life itself.

H. W. BRAITHWAITE.

* The writer is thinking of his own Colony, New Zealand .- The Editor.

The Magic of a Spring Night.

Beatrice, Elsa, come and join me-Leave all meaningless, soul-stifling Bold conventions, idle chatter; Leave the world of prosy humans To their crushing, cramping house-walls. Come with me into the garden,
For the Moon is calling, calling. . . Hear you not her soft entreaty? Hear you not her sweet commandment? "Come," she says "my chosen children; Come and pay to me your homage; Raise the hymn of praise to Dian, Dance the rhythmic dance of Phœbe. Lo, the lawns are silvered over With a sheeny, glimm'ring, whiteness, Save where, 'neath the sombre branches
Of the grim, forbidding fir-trees,
Pools of inky blackness lying Make my brightness yet more dazzling. All the stars are pale before me. Solitary in my glory, My pure radiance fills the heavens. O ye blessèd among maidens, Come, for I, your mistress, call you;
I, the glorious Queen of Heaven,
Call my vot'ries to adore me."
(Beatrice, flute-like singer, hear'st thou? Elsa, durst thou disobey her?) Hear the softly-sighing chorus
Of the snowy-blossomed cherry,
Pear and plum-trees, bronze-leaved prunus, And the modest-blushing apple— And the modest-blushing apple—
All are calling, calling softly:
"Gome to us, oh loved damsels,
Come and revel in our beauty,
For our life is short, though lovely,
And, ere sunset of to-morrow,
All our glory will be vanished;
Only the green grass around us
Will be whiten'd with our snow-flakes.
—But to-night our boughs are laden,
Our loveliness is at its zenith,
Classing in the magic moonlight: Our loveliness is at its zenith, Glowing in the magic moonlight; And the dancing, flutt'ring breezes, Redolent of subtle perfume, Softly whisper words of loving
As they lightly kiss our foreheads."
(Beatrice, loved one, dost not hear them? Elsa, canst thou list unmoved?) Lo, my ear can catch a murmur-Fainter, lower—of another Vaster chorus—Oh Beloveds, Are your ears too deaf to hear them, All too gross to hear the tiny, Piping voices of the grasses And the thin cry of the dewdrops? Beatrice, Elsa, all the garden
With its hundred, thousand voices,

And the queenly Moon for leader, Witched to utt'rance by the magic Of the Night and of the Spring-time, Cries aloud to us to worship. -Madly, with a god-like frenzy, A delirious exaltation: With a yet diviner rapture-All its glorious, Heav'-sent beauty: Dance in the enchanted moonlight, Sing, with heart and voice attuning Unto the vast choir around us-Night, I hear thee, I obey thee; Robbed of impious resistance, Sobbing, rush I forth to meet thee, Knowing nought, save that thou callest, Hearing nought, save thy strange singing, Seeing nothing but thy splendour--What of ye,oh child-like Elsa? Beatrice of maturer beauty, Follow me, I may not tarry. . . . Oh, my mistress, I am come!

CYNTHIA C. COX.

A Few Words about Brazilian Music and Musicians.

Very little is known by the outside world about Brazil or her music and musicians. There will not be room in this short article to say much, so it will be confined chiefly to Brazilian music and musicians of the

As a nation the Brazilians are very musical; it is to be doubted if anywhere on this globe there is another more so. Unfortunately, these people have not had the chances that Europeans have had. There are no schools of music, and very few good teachers, but, considering all things, some very clever pianists, composers, and singers have been brought out. The majority of the people are naturally gifted, and most of them have very beautiful voices. They like everything of the best, so that a performer must be very capable in order to interest a Brazilian audience.

Unfortunately, the touring opera companies only visit the big towns, such as Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, as a rule, though sometimes a smaller town, such as Santos, is honoured by a visit, but on very rare occasions.

Amongst the best pianists are to be found Mrs. Rudge Millar and Guiomar Novaes. The latter, after studying under an Italian teacher in Sao Paulo, was sent over to the Conservatoire in Paris, where she won the gold medal the first year she was there. She has travelled a great deal since having left Paris, and is now making her name in the musical circles of the United States.

Carlos Gomes is the best-known Brazilian composer. Amongst other things, he wrote an opera called "Il Guarauy," which has been performed on the Continent with great success

José Ribeiro Campos was another composer who contributed much towards the musical world in the shape of light music. He did not know a note of music, so his wife had to write down everything he composed.* He had a wonderful ear, and, if ever an accompanist was required, he

would get someone to play the accompaniment over to him, and then he would accompany the voice or instrument without so much as playing one wrong note.

There are many other musicians worthy of mention who could hold their own with most of the artists of this age and hemisphere, but who have not had the opportunities these people have had. However, for the last few years the Brazilians have been mixing more with Europeans, and many of them have come over to study music and other arts and sciences in Europe.

* Under such circumstances one could hardly concede to Senor José Ribeiro Campos the title of composer.—The Editor.

Then and Now.

In days ago—was it years ago?
For so it seems to me—
You were able to get enough to eat
When you went out to tea.

There were chocolate cakes—such "scrunchy cakes,
All filled with thick, rich cream—
And pastry things—I must confess
They always made me dream!

There were crumpets, too, with lots of holes, With butter running through; And buns and milky scones and tarts And strawberry jam for you!

But now one goes at five o'clock
And has a cup of tea,
A piece of toast—and that is all,
For it's wartime now—you see!

FLORENCE FREEMAN.

The Academite Prize Competition.

We take great pleasure in announcing an open competition to student-readers of this magazine. For the best short story, not exceeding 800 words, a prize consisting of a half-guinea and a copy of "The Academite," autographed by the staff, will be given. An entrance fee of one shilling should be sent in, with name of candidate, to the Secretary of "The Academite," not later than the 11th of May. The stories should be addressed to the Editor, and must be sent in by the 18th of May, after which date no MSS. for the competition will be received. Candidates must use a nom-de-plume, but must have their name sent along in a sealed envelope.

The adjudicators will in no way be connected with the staff. Budding novelists, here's your chance!

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An Official Statement.

The Editorial Staff have requested me to thank our readers for the enthusiastic reception which was given the Michaelmas number. Such a success was indeed encouraging, and fully compensated for the time and work devoted to its preparation. Our only regret is that more copies

were not available to satisfy the unexpectedly great demand.

The increased price of this issue calls for some explanation. Let me point out that each copy of No. 1, although sold at sixpence, actually cost more than elevenpence to produce, and that the difference was made good only by means of the advertisements. The cost of printing has risen 25 per cent., and, pursuing a progressive policy, we have enlarged the magazine by 25 per cent. Consequently, the relative position remains approximately the same when this number is sold at ninepence.

The following statement of account	may be of some morrest.
RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE. £ s. d.
£ s. d. To 276 copies at 6d 6 18 0 Advertisements 10 0 11	By printing 300 copies 12 16 6 Letter paper
24 Complimentary Copies.	Postage and petty expenses
£16 18 11	£16 18 11

Audited and found correct. 22/2/18. A. ALGER BELL.

The balance in hand will be put aside as the first instalment of a reserve fund, to be used only in case of a future failure to meet expenses. The absence of such a fund has been the cause of some anxiety to the staff, and much discussion has taken place as to how financial backing might be obtained. After rejecting several schemes, we have decided to apply to those who must be most interested in the magazine itself, namely, the students, ex-students and professors of the R.A.M. We are convinced that, since the members of the staff voluntarily give so much of their time to the Academite, there are numbers of other people who would be willing to give their support in a practical way.

A proposal has been adopted which is to the effect that* any person connected with the Academy, who pays the minimum sum of five shillings a year to the Academite funds will be called a Shareholder. Such person will have the right to attend the official staff meeting, which takes place at the end of each term. There the staff will be glad to receive all criticisms and suggestions aiming at the improvement of the journal. Shareholders furthermore will be entitled to a copy of each issue. In accordance with the above, and in order to show their seriousness, the Governing Body of the Academite have already become Shareholders, which action will be followed in due course by the remaining members of the staff.

Any person contributing a half-guinea or more per annum will be considered a Patron, and the names of Patrons and Shareholders will

appear in each issue.

All sums paid in by Shareholders or Patrons are primarily intended to create and maintain a reserve fund, and when that becomes large enough, the surplus may be expended to provide additional features for the magazine. Those desirous of assisting in this way to place the Academite on a sound basis, so that it may become a permanent institution of the R.A.M., should make use of the form enclosed in this number, and forward it to the Treasurer of the Academite, c/o the R.A.M. RUSSELL E. CHESTER, General Secretary.

*N.B.—Interested friends who do not come within the scope of professor, ex-student or officials may become Shareholders or Patrons by introduction.

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Some more "Guess Who's."

The Editor wishes to emphasise the fact that he considers himself absolved from any responsibility regarding possible ambiguous statements occurring in this column. All those who are very sensitive, nervy, ultra serious, ultra pious, or evil-minded, brainy, or slow-witted, or even critical, and especially self-conscious, are advised to skip this page.

GUESS which student of composition was so exceedingly flattered as a result of the following dialogue with a new student.

S. of C.: "Do you like the Leonora Overture which I con-

ducted?"

N.S.: "Oh, I am sorry, I was not present at orchestral rehearsal yesterday. Is it a new composition of yours?"

GUESS which professor and pupils have introduced Chinese class customs in our midst, in the manner of sitting during tuition; or is it a mode of chair economy in these anxious times?

GUESS why it was suggested that a certain student should attend "Brewster's Millions" at the Queen's Theatre.

GUESS who is the young pianist concerning whom an attendant enquired if he were "all there."

GUESS who after a placid exhibition of will-power, acually succeeded in publicly placing the Principal and Curator on the horns of a

GUESS who upon seeing one of the juniors who had on an almost indiscernible skull cap going out of the main entrance, asked a by-standing pupil if the lad belonged to a non-hat brigade.

GUESS what social function had every aspect of a military ball

Photography.

This may be your last Term here. Why not have a Photograph taken to give to your fellow students? It is not necessary to go West to do this.

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(2) for the best state, (3) for both states is general		

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"Guess Who's" (cont.)

- GUESS who made a rather nervous bid of 5/- at the auction of the Autographed Academite.
- GUESS the feelings of a staunch supporter of Lord Rhondda when she found that a consolation prize of two lumps of sugar, won by her daughter at the Michaelmas Tea, had been left behind on
- GUESS which student of tender years recently astonished her teacher by saying, during a first lesson on a difficult piece, "Oh, if you think there is anything wrong, I'd rather you told me."
- GUESS what student of debating fame has recently proven the contagiousness of informal introductions.
- GUESS which vocalist has assumed rather the proportions of a protagonist in the rendering of students' MS. songs within the last few terms
- GUESS who, upon being asked if she possessed absolute pitch, replied, "Not absolutely."

Staff Meeting.

At the inaugural meeting of the Staff of the Academits held on December 8th, 1917, a constitution was formally adopted.

There will be a general meeting of the Staff (to which Shareholders are invited) at 2 p.m. on March 23rd, 1918. The attention of all officials is drawn to Article X. of the constitution.

"There shall be at least one Staff meeting each term, at which it is imperative that all officials attend, those being absent are likely to forfeit their position on the Staff unless a satisfactory reason is given before the date of the meeting."

Light tea will be served in the interval.

VERA MARTIN, Recording Secretary.

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"Guess Who's" (cont.)

- GUESS what dignified body of literary exponents was rudely interrupted by the untimely appearance of an uninvited guest
- GUESS, as a result of the above, who was (or were) the embarrassed party (or parties).
- GUESS why the proceedings of a recent sitting of a young intellectual coterie was likened by some to a high-class music-hall turn
- GUESS who boasts of having a part written "specially" for her in a forthcoming production.
- GUESS who considered themselves the sole audience at the Adelphi Theatre on the evening of Dec. 14th, 1917.
- GUESS who much preferred "sitting out" and "wandering about" (apologies for the rhyme) to the benign influence of the terpsichorean art at a recent social evening.
- GUESS who is the sentimental flapper.
- GUESS which student finds the reading of such books as "A Bridge of Kisses," "The Red Cockade," and others of that ilk, a delightful solace in the intervals of operatic writing.

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